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The Power of Love

The City of Comrades

A Voice from the Infinite

and Other Verses

By
Irving S. Richter



**The Power of Love
The City of Comrades
A Voice from the Infinite
and Other Verses**

By
Irving S. Richter

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*This collection of verses is dedicated in
loving memory to*

MY MOTHER

*as a humble but affectionate tribute to her
noble soul and exemplary life.*

foreword

This little volume of verses is published in response to numerous requests for copies of my poems from friends who appreciate my literary efforts and the sentiments I have endeavored to portray in poetical form.

It is my sincere hope that the message I have sought to convey in my compositions may find fertile soil among my readers and bring forth a beautiful garden blossoming with all the loveliness and perfume that are imbedded in the human soul.

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THE POWER OF LOVE

Ah! When with fervid grasp I press your tender hand
And in your radiant face behold the Promised Land,
Where Love's dominion reigns with majesty supreme
And breathes reality into my fondest dream!

Ah! When I hear the strains of your melodious voice
Which make my saddest soul in ecstasy rejoice,
Whose rich entralling music lifts me to a plane
Of happiness divine—a heavenly domain!

Ah! When I see the lustre of your sapphire eyes—
Those priceless gems where my eternal comfort lies—
That precious panacea that sheds such wondrous rays
And makes me mock all ills and all my cares allays!

Ah! When I hear you talk in accents sweet and clear,
In tones revealing thoughts exalted and sincere,
A sympathetic spirit for the common weal,
Nobility of aims—the loftiest ideal!

Ah! When my lips your crimson cheeks with ardor kiss,
And I am swayed by waves of pure celestial bliss
That gives new meaning, adds fresh vigor to my life,
And compensates the toil of my untiring strife!

Ah! When with throbbing heart your graceful form I
fold

And silence speaks to us with eloquence untold;

And as the rhythmic beat of your angelic soul

Uniting, blends with mine in one harmonious whole!

I cease to be a son of this prosaic earth—

Utopia is my home, the land of my rebirth;

I now can move a world and make it rise or fall,

For Love is Power, Love is God, yea, LOVE IS ALL!

THE CITY OF COMRADES

I live in a City of Comrades,
An isle in a turbulent sea,
Some call it "THE CITY OF HEAVEN,"
And others, "THE CITY TO BE,"
But I will just call it the City,
The City for you and for me.

'Tis built on the structure of friendship,
Humanity, Justice to all;
Its pillars, of Right and of Mercy,
Invincible, stately and tall,
Supporting a palace majestic,
Which never can tremble nor fall.

Its dwellers are plain men and women,
In number they are only a few;
Yet something in them is distinctive,
Uplifting, inspiring and new,
Which makes of this City of Comrades
The dream of the ages come true.

Their creed is to serve and be useful,
And knowledge and learning their shrine;
"All men are my brethren" 's their slogan,
What slogan more lofty, divine?
Their life is replete with endeavor
For you and for me and for mine.

Their heartstrings are quick and responsive
To all of their neighbors' appeals,
All strugglers they help to the pathway
Which triumph and glory reveals,
And tell them: "The darkest of heavens
A radiant sunshine conceals."

Peace holds there a sway undisputed,
Supreme, unpolluted by strife;
They know not the meaning of discord,
Sweet harmony governs their life;
The blessings of earth and of nature
Are with them, abundant and rife.

Their soul gives a resonant echo
To every human emotion;
They surge and they seethe with achievement,
Like waves of a turbulent ocean;
Their mission's to serve all their neighbors
With brotherly, selfless devotion.

Life gives there in measure unstinted
Its grandeur and fulness to all;
Each feels there an exquisite glory
In heeding the heavenly call:
To live and create and accomplish
Like God, the Creator of all!

But where is this city so beautiful,
Where is this enchanting domain?
It is not a dream nor a fancy,
For man has not striven in vain;
'Tis just where you dwell and are seeking
This City Divine to attain.

To enter this City of Comrades,
It surely a treasure is worth,
But go there and it will embrace you
And give to your soul a rebirth;
If you will but open its portals,
Your gain is a heaven on earth.

Your life will a grandiose purpose,
A sacred, new object conceive,
Your eyes will unfold to you blessings
Your vision will scarcely believe;
A joy that is real, unending,
Your purified breast will receive.

The joy of achievement and service
Your spirit with gladness will fill,
The bliss of a billion companions
Your soul will enrapture and thrill;
A happiness new and entralling
This City in you will instil.

Come join us, we need you, good brother,
Our City to swell with your grace;
You'll help us to spread the great doctrine
Which soon the whole world must embrace:
One family, vast and united,
Forever—one glorious race!

SLEEP

Great comforter alike of man and beast,
Of nature's sweetest foods the most delicious feast,
Of all our earthly ills the surest cure,
Of young and old the most seductive lure,
Sweet gift of God to suffering earth,
Best friend of man even from his very birth,
The weaver of my most fantastic dreams,
The sponsor of my fondest hopes and schemes,
I pay you homage and in you I trust.
You still all woe and calm all human fears,
You bury anguish, dry all human tears;
O gentle son of Nature's boundless good,
All men succumb to your enticing food.
Eternal guardian in the Great Beyond,
As long you are my soul shall ne'er despond!

TO ALBERT, KING OF THE BELGIANS

Thine is the Day, we shake thy valiant hand
In joy, for Freedom's flag is thine again;
No more shall brutal fiends thy sacred land
With crimes pollute, with heinous sins profane.

Majestic and unselfish King! To thee
We owe a deep immeasurable debt;
Immortal Prince! Thy glorious deed will be
A blessing mankind never will forget.

When to his lustful scheme he bade thee yield
And offered thee an ignominious peace,
Intrepid rushed thy men into the field,
Unsheathed their swords and fought without surcease.

Four long and dreadful years thy people slaved,
Tormented by a grim, infernal foe,
Whose horrors are with blood and fire engraved,
On land, at sea, in air, where'er men go.

He sacked and burned thy fair and fertile soil,
Thy gallant sons he mangled, maimed and killed;
Thy daughters sentenced to unholy toil,
Thy land with dire and shuddering terrors filled.

Thy wealth, thy bliss, thy kingdom and thy all
Thou gavest—save thy honor, high, sublime,
That Belgium's lot might not our earth befall,
That justice should not perish for all time.

Thy noble martyrdom was not in vain,
That Heaven-gifted mission fell on thee;
It saved a world from bondage and from pain,
Behold! Soon will the whole fair earth be free!

Soon will the gory, horrid struggle end,
And tyranny forever be destroyed;
All will to thee a grateful hand extend,
Today the world for thee is overjoyed.

Lo! See his vaunted callous legions fade,
Before the world's united front they reel;
For twenty nations joined in this crusade
Against this despot, this grim imbecile.

And now the tide has turned and brought the light
Of glorious peace for sorrow-laden earth;
His doom is sealed. Avaunt! Thou hellish might,
And give to RIGHT avenged triumphant birth!

ALONE

*Melody of Lyermontoff's "Vichozhoo odyeen
ya na dorogoo."*

Brightly shines the moon in matchless glory,
Gentle breezes kiss the summer night;
Cupid's weaving an enchanting story,
Fills the earth with heavenly delight.

Charming melodies I hear inspiring
Of the nightingales so sweet, divine,
Whisp'ring branches sing of love untiring,
Stars rejoice, with brilliant lustre shine.

Yet my soul is wrapped in bitter anguish,
Moaning, groaning, heaving mournful sighs,
For it dwells and pines in friendless anguish,
Like a lonesome star in starless skies.

Gay is mankind, happy, dancing, singing,
I—alone, depressed, disconsolate.
“Grieve not,” rings a voice, “for Heaven's bringing
Soon thy longing heart its yearnèd mate!”

THE FALL OF JERUSALEM

Joyously trembles my heart at the feat,
The glorious victory, triumph sublime;
Humble and grateful, this moment I greet,
This greatest achievement of Man and of Time.

Fallen's the City! But not as of yore!
The jewel of Zion has fallen to rise
Fairer and greater than ever before—
A light to my longing and suffering eyes.

Come has the Day and departed the night;
Lord God to my prayer gave merciful heed;
Wondrous indeed is this heavenly sight,
A nation in chains has forever been freed!

ELEGY

Melody as of Massenet's Elegy

Dedicated to Amalia.

Oh! Wondrous springtime of yore,

Verdant and sweet,

Fled hast thou for evermore!

The azure sky is now dark.

No more I greet

The joyous strains of the lark.

Sunk has the sun of my life,

Eternal gloom now shines instead of light;

Vainly will springtime return, for my sight
Only sees darkness and strife,

O, bitter strife!

Void is my fountain of bliss!

Faded and perished the flower of my heart,
Dead is the joy of your kiss!

AMBITION

I'm wrapped in the flames of ambition,
That blaze like a merciless fire;
I'm borne on the wings of a passionate,
A mighty, resistless desire.

It is not an idle illusion,
Ephemeral fancy or dream;
'Tis born of an inner conviction,
A duty sublime and supreme.

I crave not for wealth nor for fortune,
Nor glory nor fame is my goal;
I'm merely obeying a dictate
Of conscience and spirit and soul.

With courage and love I have answered
This urge of a voice from within;
I know that my earnest endeavors
Their aim will assuredly win.

I feel I've embarked on a journey,
With barriers littered and long,
But that will not alter my course,
My heart is courageous and strong.

And dark though the clouds I encounter,
Before this my object is won,
I know that behind them is hidden
A warm and a radiant sun.

For this much I trust and believe in,

My faith is implicit and real;
When one has a worthy ambition,
Pursues it with patience and zeal,

All obstacles he will then conquer,

All stumbling-blocks vanquish and down,
For victory comes to the valiant,
And triumph their efforts must crown!

BARCAROLLE

Melody from the "Tales of Hoffman"

Fairest night, O hear my song,
To you I send my greeting;
Gentlest night, I pray prolong
These happy moments fleeting.

All my loveless life I dreamed
Of you, O night of love!
O'er my lonesome path you beamed
Like silv'ry stars above.

My yearning heart will bless
Your ethereal birth,
Your memory caress
And sing you chants of mirth!

Linger on, glorious night,
Brilliant more than daylight, ah!

Sweetest night, O heed my song,
My song of celestial bliss,
God above, I pray Thee prolong
The joy of a night like this.

On this heavenly night,
O ecstatic delight
Of a night of pure love,
O linger on, ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah!

I LOVE THE SUMMER

I love the splendid beauty of this summer morn,
The fragrant odors of the fields of corn,
The joy of human hope reborn,
Like day this brilliant morn;
Despair and gloom I scorn
On this majestic morn.

I love the golden glory of this summer day,
The warmth and lustre of each sunshine ray,
When nature's all abloom and gay;
I love the charming lay
The songsters sing this day,
This lovely summer day.

I love the scented breezes of this summer night,
When stars and moon shed forth their silvery light;
I love to watch that glorious sight
And feel the rare delight
Of this enchanting night,
This beautiful summer night.

NO PEACE WITH DESPOTISM

Before the awful tribune of Almighty God
He stands, soul-steeped in sin, in perfidy and shame!
The direst savage that our earth has ever trod,
The fiercest monster ever clad in human frame.

His hands still hot from that atrocious gory deed,
Ten million butchered men gaze at his blood-stained face,
His heart still burning with the lust of pride and greed,
Yet here he stands and begs for mercy and for grace.

A ruined continent still writhes with poignant pain,
The manhood of the world still in the flames of hell,
And grief-oppressed earth cries out to him in vain
To cease the callous carnage ere his dreadful knell.

Ten million orphan babes look at "His Majesty,"
An endless chain of cripples stare at him in ire,
While to a martyred world he makes his fervid plea,
His crime still rules supreme with ruthless sword and fire.

Can we make peace with such a monstrous fiend of man?
The countless dead will rise from their untimely grave
And bring to tortured mankind a yet more ghastly ban
If we this tyrant from a tyrant's doom should save!

RUTH

'Tis not your sapphire-beaming eyes, dear Ruth,
'Tis not the golden sunshine of your youth,
'Tis not your sweet and all-enchanting voice,
Whose tones do make the saddest heart rejoice;
'Tis not your matchless hyacinthine hair
Whose beauty is superb, beyond compare;
'Tis not your radiant, fascinating face;
What earthly creature does possess such grace!
'Tis not your comely figure, gentlest maid,
Whose memory from me shall never fade.

All these your charms I worship and adore,
But that which than all else does thrill me more—
Ah! That which lifts me into Eden's heights
And makes me dream of Heaven's grandest sights!
Ah! That which brings me pure supernal bliss
And makes me think of naught but you, is this—
Your noble, gracious, heaven-gifted soul,
Your kind, divine and all-inspiring soul.

For this my love for you it knows no bounds,
O how it burns and blazes and resounds!
For when my soul with your soul doth commune,
I hear a charming, all-entrancing tune,
The sweetest, most melodious song of songs—
I hear the music of angelic throngs —
So do its vibrant strings to mine respond!

HOPE

Once upon an autumn morning, of the winter bringing
warning,

Evil omen of the dismal, sunless, lifeless, wintry day,
Field and man were gloomy, wailing, at the fleeting
summer quailing,

Trees and flow'rets sadly paling, paling at their swift
decay.

Suddenly returned the summer, making earth as bright
and gay

Like a glorious summer day.

New life came to nature dying, mankind ceased its
mournful sighing,

Once again the lilies blossomed forth a beauteous
array,

Once again the birds were singing, on the fragrant
branches springing,

Once again the air was ringing, ringing with the
voice of May.

Sunshine spread its warm and wondrous rays with such
a grand display

Like a glorious summer day.

I was startled at this seeming godly error — was I
dreaming?

No, for wide-awake I was and then I heard a still
voice say:

“This is HOPE that comes a greeting, when man’s
fortunes fly retreating,

When his happiness seems fleeting, fleeting from his
hold away,

Sweet felicity to him returns and makes him bright and
gay

Like a glorious summer day.”

SHE

*Melody as of Lyermontoff's "Vichozhoo odyin ya na
dorogoo"*

Dedicated to R. Z.

Angel-fair, her face with goodness beaming,
Fairest of all mortal maids was she;
Heavenly her look, as sun-rays gleaming,
Dancing in a calm and glorious sea.

Her embrace, O what ecstatic feeling!
Like two flames that lovingly entwine,
Like enchanting tones of organs pealing,
Blend in one pure harmony divine.

Her warm kiss, what satiated yearning!
Like a fountain in a wilderness;
Lips and cheeks with fervid tremor burning,
Kindling love in all its tenderness.

Her long hair like waves each other meeting,
Rise majestic, flow and undulate;
Her sweet eyes like dewdrops sunshine greeting,
Heaven could not brighter stars create.

Her kind words, ennobling and inspiring,
Thrill the heart and soothe all earthly ills;
Can one help my heroine admiring
Or resist the love her soul instils!

THE TERMS OF PEACE

The Warriors:

Come, sweet dove of peace, descend,
 Spread your soothing wings of love,
Bring to our affray an end,
 Come, descend from high above.
We are weary of the fight,
 Weary of this wild *melée*;
Bring us soon the balmy light
 Of that long-awaited Day!

The Dove:

No, ye sinful mortals, no!
 My abode is not in lands
Stained with human blood and woe,
 Filled with greedy savage bands.
I reside where goodwill dwells,
 'Midst the loving and the free.
Where, instead of cannon shells,
 Scream the strains of human glee.

The Warriors:

Come, O gentle, kindly bird,
 Let us as of yore be friends;
We have sinned; yes, we have erred,
 But we now will make amends.
Europe's death is nearing fast,
 Wounded, and with pain prostrate,

Europe soon will breathe her last;
Come, then, 'ere it is too late.

The Dove:

I have lost my trust in ye,
For your love soon turns to hate;
If ye truly long for me,
Then fulfil what I dictate:
Sink your warships, melt your guns,
Burn your forts, destroy your swords,
Clear away your fallen sons
And disperse your warring hordes.

The Warriors:

We will do as you command,
Only come and do not wait;
We'll disarm, we'll disband,
And a new régime create;
Soldiercraft shall nevermore
Be a nation's skill or pride,
Nevermore shall tools of war
Humankind's disputes decide.

The Dove:

I am coming, I'll descend,
Greet me with a joyful kiss;
With me comes my constant friend—
Pure, divine, eternal bliss.
Tell your people that your earth
Ev'n for God will then suffice,
It will have a great rebirth
And become a paradise.

TRUE LOVE'S MEMORY

Dedicated to Ruth W.

Since all my heroic endeavors have failed

To conquer thy heart;

Since merciless fate, as it seems, has decreed,

Alas! That we part;

I leave thee, my darling, to one who is nobler than I,

To one who's far worthier, love, of thy love than am I.

I will not upbraid thee; I will not reprove;

How could I, sweet dove!

Thy soul has not seen yet the light, nor yet heard

The voice from above;

But that will not weaken, sweet angel, the flames of my
love,

Like hunger unsated, 'twill grow more ardent, my love.

And even if destiny wills it, avaunt

The pitiless thought!

That we should forever be distant apart,

(Sweet hope set at naught!)

I will not forget thee, my darling, my angel of bliss,

O Heavens, how could I—my charm of ethereal bliss!

And if never again I am thrilled by the sight,

My belovèd, of thee;

(Unmerciful Fate, thou darest not rob
That blessing from me!)

Our friendship to me will then be like a beautiful dream,
Forever I'll cherish and remember that beautiful dream!

That dream like a star will illumine my path
With a crystalline light,

Through clouds and darkness 'twill shine and display
A soul-thrilling sight—

The sight in my dreams of my darling and radiant maid,
The heavenly sight of my dear and celestial maid!

NATURE'S ALTRUISM

Melody as of Lyermontoff's "Vichozhoo adyin ya na dorogoo"

Swiftly summer's blithesome hours are fleeting,
Larks and sparrows fly to kinder climes;
Soon will vanish their sweet morning greeting,
Soon will die their gay melodious rhymes.

Sad's the elm, enwrapped in mournful sighing,
As his branches droop despondently,
Like a mother when her child is dying,
Sinks in bitter, hopeless agony.

How the flow'rets quiver, meekly yielding
To the bleak and cruel wintry call;
How they weep and beg the sunbeams shielding,
Not to let them prematurely fall.

Plaintive sing the throngs of summer lovers,
As the vernal ecstacy departs;
Sorrow sways them, anguish o'er them hovers,
Dark's their vision, cold have waxed their hearts.

Earth with tading, once fair leaves is littered,
Trampled, crushed by all, O painful sight!
Yet with joy and feeling unembittered,
They'll return and thankless man delight!

A TRIBUTE TO CHARLIE CHAPLIN

From one of countless myriads who have found
In your inimitable art,
A source of joy supreme that knows no bound,
Accept this tribute from my heart—
An emblem of eternal gratitude,
A symbol of my tribute to your good.

Full many an hour of cheerfulness and bliss
To sorrowing millions you have given,
A suffering, tortured mankind such as this
Long, long for men like you has striven,
To find a refuge of forgetfulness
From life's travails and from its bitterness.

And old and young, oh, how we love you all!
Your very name we all adore!
For "Charlie Chaplin" 's like a clarion-call,
Like some sweet talisman of yore.
O, how the eager masses rush and throng
To greet their hero with delirious song!

Whence comes to you this peerless, mystic skill,
Immortal architect of joy?
Whose merest acts with merriment do thrill
Alike the heart of man and boy;

Whose very presence brings a radiant light
To gloom—to all, a phantom of delight.

Play on, you great and genial master, play!
Such is the universal voice!

The saddest soul you turn serene and gay,
The heaviest heart you can rejoice.

With deepest reverence oft of you I'll think,
As from your cup of happiness I drink.

For you're a messenger of God above,
Man's pain and burdens here to ease;
What other meed can we vouchsafe but love
To one whose task is but to please?
This token of my love, then, pray receive,
A soul with homage laden you will relieve!

TO MY LOVE TO BE

Come, sweet maiden, and be mine,
My heart is yearning for your love,
Your eyes to me more brightly shine
Than the radiant sun above.

Your voice to me more music brings
Than the most melodious chords,
I envy not the might of kings,
Nor the wealth of knightly lords.

Your breath to me more fragrant smells
Than the freshest summer flower;
Your look to me a story tells
Like a kind descending shower.

Let me fondly you embrace
And dream of happiness sublime.
Your smile for me has richer grace
Than the majesty of Time.

Your hands to me much softer are
Than the softest velvet green;
They lead me like a brilliant star
To a land of bliss unseen.

Your lips to me give greater strength
Than was owned by Hercules.
Come, my darling, come at length,
Be my rock of hope and ease.

In your speech more joy I find
Than in all my earthly gain.
Your words are balsam to my mind,
They cure my wounds, they heal my pain.

Your locks to me more precious are
Than the rarest gem or stone,
Your hair to me more gorgeous far
Than a king's majestic throne.

Your midst creates more solace bright
Than the gentlest, sweetest lays;
Your presence casts more wondrous light
Than the iridescent rays.

Tarry not, O tender dove!
And grant me soon my heart's desire;
It burns for your immortal love
Like a blazing desert fire.

Let me hold you to my breast
And forget my earthly care;
You make my life a happy nest,
A fount of joy beyond compare.

PEACE

Peace, Peace, O balmy, sweetest gift,
We bless thy timely birth!
At length is heard the dying wish
Of anguished, bleeding earth.

Departed has the cruel, vile
And evil ghost of war;
God grant it may from us be gone
Forever, evermore.

The fiendish, callous, hellish spectre,
Lo, from our midst has fled;
Its offspring—murder, hate and blood
Forevermore are dead.

So weep no more, thou suffering world,
An era new is born;
Let not the thought of the black past
Becloud this brilliant morn.

Ye cannons and ye ravenous guns
Your murderous noises cease!
With happy pride the bugle sounds
The Victory of peace.

The very air it quakes with joy,
All hearts with bliss are filled;

This day a new and glorious hope
In mankind has instilled.

That vandal deeds and human blood
No more the earth shall stain,
For peace with all its blessings will
Supreme forever reign.

The ghastly forces that breed war
Now for all time will end,
And henceforth man to man will be
A brother and a friend.

No more a race shall be to some
Mean lord a vassal slave;
Each people shall its master be,
Its own free banner wave.

Abide on its own sacred soil,
And its own fate design;
So, unrestrained, will thrive and in
Its own sweet light will shine.

Thus purged of sin, the world will have
A great, divine rebirth—
A land of bliss it will become,
A Paradise on earth.

The sacrifice was not in vain,
Nor was man's hellish plight,
It meant destruction of all wars,
For Right has vanquished Might!

TO EVELYN

Dedicated to Evelyn L.

Last night I met the sweetest maid
That dwells this earth within;
A lovelier maid there never lived—
Her name is Evelyn.

The heavenly strains, the charming tones
Of her enchanting voice,
Would make a million anguished souls
With ecstacy rejoice.

The golden lustre and dazzling fire
Of her entrancing eyes,
Eclipse the grandeur of the sun
That sets in western skies.

The beaming beauty of her face
Does like a sapphire shine;
O how it thrills me, how it fills me
With a zeal divine.

When first I saw that graceful creature,
That ravishing Evelyn,
Methought I was in Paradise,
Amidst the Cherubin.

Long had I dreamt of that divine,
That captivating maid;

The memory of that glorious night
From me shall never fade.

That night of all, I'll ever recall,
My happiest proclaim;
O God! For such pure bliss I praise,
I bless Thy holy name!

Her goodness, like a spring that gives
Fresh vigor and new life,
Distils such love throughout the air
That peace is born of strife.

She's like a fleeting fairy vision,
A soul-enthralling sight;
She'd make the angels quake with joy,
The very gods delight.

But oh, that grand inspiring sight,
A passing phantom seems,
For such sweet maidens, people say,
Are only seen in dreams.

And yet, and yet, my cares have sunk into
A fathomless abyss;
My clouds have molten into a sun
Of radiating bliss.

Sweet Evelyn, sunshine of my life,
The Fates were kind to me:
A soul imprisoned, a heart enchained,
Forevermore are free.

AT THE BAR OF JUSTICE

Alone he stands before the Justice bar,
Deserted by his erstwhile friends;
A planet's wrath on him descends,
Revengeful cries from near and far;
He knows the doom that bar portends,
He sees the shadow of the czar

His crime is to the jury read,
All victims of his fearful deed;
Their wounds have not yet ceased to bleed.
He pleads for grace with drooping head;
Full well he knows his awful need;
He sees the ghosts of all his dead

The outraged fields and angered seas,
The blood-polluted, shuddering air,
A world enwrapped in pain and care,
A devastated earth—all these
Appalling sins do witness bear,
And naught can now his fear appease

“What is your verdict, your decree?”
Asks Justice, “Speak your righteous choice,
And let a tortured world rejoice
That man henceforward shall be free!”
Aloud proclaims the jury's voice:
“HE'S GUILTY IN THE FIRST DEGREE!”

THE FIEND OF MAN

At the zenith of his power, while the world was like a bower,
Giving shelter and a fragrance sweet as Eden long ago,
Earth with happiness was teeming, and its guardians were gleaming
Forth a bliss Lord God was dreaming—dreaming in the long ago,
When He shaped our Mother Earth and in mercy gave it birth;
While man's soul with good was beaming, with fraternity aglow,
And in glory was redeeming highest hopes of man below—
Suddenly this master wrought a deed, so vile and ghastly so,
Henceforth man will only name him and his name will only know
As accursèd fiend and foe.

Said this demon to his legions: "All earth's fair and noble regions
To my sovereign will shall bow; I am master here below,
Heaven willed that all shall render—all shall homage to me tender,
And in this wise shall engender awe for me where'er I go."
Then this "lord" by "God appointed, by the seraphim anointed,"

Evil, wicked, foul pretender, told his minions forth to go,

This his phantom real to render, sparing nought—nor life nor woe.

And his callous legions, which to countless myriads soon did grow,

Blindly listened and the world went forth to subjugate, for so

Willed the cursèd fiend and foe.

Worse than ev'n the ancient savage, wildly ran they, wrought such ravage,

Such inhuman deeds that man since time was born did never know.

Millions from their sword were bleeding, earth with fire and hate was seething,

As with fury unreceding marched these hordes of mankind's foe.

Nature's fields were drenched with blood, rendered barren by this flood,

Hungry man was sorrow breathing, breathing agony and woe,

Grief—the flames of famine feeding, death—afire, ablaze, aglow.

Mountain-high were piled the butchered, buried in the mire and snow,

Round them lay the ruins of the nations' sacred treasures, oh!

Wanton deed of ruthless foe!

But the peoples were undaunted, though this nightmare
them had haunted,

Fearless were they and unyielding to the base will of the
foe;

Though their soil with blood was streaming, though the
race for bread was screaming,

And of darker days was dreaming, yield they would not
to the foe.

Yet the monster's greed, unsated, was ferocious, un-
abated—

Till at length God His redeeming hand on mankind did
bestow,

With a force such foe beseeming dealt a giant crushing
blow,

One by one his legions melted as in sunshine flakes of
snow,

For the whole wide world was now arrayed against this
brutal fiend and foe,

'Gainst this hellish vicious foe.

One by one his pillars crumbled; as his mighty empire
tumbled,

Crumbled too the lustful dreams of this ungodly heart-
less foe.

He who world-dominion sought, such horrific havoc
wrought,

Grief and death and torture brought and let blood in
torrents flow,

TO MARY MILES MINTER

Celestial star! Whose light and glory shine
Effulgent o'er the whole vast earth,
Bring to the multitudes a joy divine
And to a troubled world a flood of mirth!

O radiant beauty, whose angelic grace
Enthrals the spirit and allures the heart!
When yesternight I met you face to face,
And heard a message from your lips depart
Of Godlike import; clothed in noblest words,
Which only from a heavenly soul can spring,
And uttered with a voice as sweet as birds'
Melodious music when in bliss they sing—
I saw in you, besides a brilliant star,
A spark of pure divinity whose goal
Sublime is BROTHERHOOD. Since then you *are*
A light and inspiration to my soul.

Shine on, shine on, irradiate star of stars!
The world's obscure horizon needs your rays;
They'll clear the mist which mankind's vision mars
And give us better, brighter, happier days!

SERENADE

*Melody as of Schubert's Serenade
First Version.*

In the stillness and sublimeness of this glorious night,
I will make my plea to thee and sing to thee my lays.
If in vain, the stars and moon will dim their wondrous
light,
But if heard, will add more lustre to their brilliant
rays.

Ev'n the nightingale so tender, ah! she pleads for me,
And the wailing waves in tumult blend their sighs
with mine,
While the Heavens wait to share my boundless ecstacy,
And the angels join in chorus prayerful, divine.

Let me hear the soft sweet sounds of thy vibrant voice,
Let me see the sparkling eyes of thy radiant face,
Let me greet thy charming accents that my heart rejoice,
Let me feel the blissful rapture of thy divine embrace.

Come respond to my entreaties, O dearest, tarry not,
God will bless us, for true lovers He ne'er hath forgot!

AN ODE OF COMFORT

Dedicated to M. F.

Tomorrow you'll bewail the cruel day,
The tragic fate that broke your happy nest;
With fervid tears, lamenting, you will pray
That God may grant his soul eternal rest.

I share your sorrow and with you I grieve;
My heart, sweet maiden, melts for you this day.
I send this soulful message to relieve
Your pain, your mental anguish to allay.

Men like your father never die; they live
Immortal lives until the end of time;
Their deeds inspire the human race and give
Us hope of a futurity sublime.

Their spirit guides us like a star
Whose light has never failed nor ever will;
Their noble acts like echoes from afar
Resound with force and godliness instil.

Their souls with ours commingle, with ours entwine,
They leave to us a priceless heritage;
Their deeds with an undying radiance shine,
Illumine mankind's earthly pilgrimage.

So, gentlest creature, hush! and dry your eyes,
Obey the call of your departed king:
"I am not dead, my dearest child, arise,
In you I live; go forth with joy and sing!"

ZION

Arise, thou son of Israel, arise!
Thy Day is come! Behold its brilliant Light!
Lift up thy head and dry thy tearful eyes;
Look on with joy, admire the glorious sight!

Shake off thy yoke, erect thy bended spine!
Forget their wrongs, their ghastly crimes forgive—
The land where dwelt thy fathers now is thine.
Inhale the balmy air, breathe in and live.

Majestic rise the waters of the Nile,
The Jordan speeds thy coming to salute,
While Jaffa greets thee with a tender smile
And plays a song of welcome on the flute!

AMERICA

Throughout the mourning, stricken, war-oppressèd land,
The shadow hovers of a great benignant hand;
Above the roaring guns, amidst the frantic fight,
Is heard a soothing voice of glorious hope and light.

The nations—crippled, sorry, spent and steeped in grief,
Now heave a sigh of sweet and heavenly relief,
And kneeling penitent, they yearningly implore:
“America, pray open the redemption door!”

America! The soldiers—worn, drenched in blood,
Appeal to you to end this devastating flood;
“America,” they cry, “great champion of the free,
Come hoist the flag of peace and our saviour be!”

The dying on the cold and crimson battlefield
Espy the noble shadow as their souls they yield;
Uplift their hands and with expiring breath exclaim:
“America! Protect our brothers from this flame!”

America! The world is praying for your aid,
To act for such a cause you will not be afraid.
A greater, nobler task you never could fulfil,
A deeper love in man you never could instil.

A million mothers turn on you their swollen eyes;
They dry their tears of blood, suppress their breathless
cries;
"America," they sing with rapturous delight,
"Will come our sons to save and end our bitter plight!"

A million starving children to you hold out their hands,
Your name resounds with glory in all the warring lands.
America! Grand liberator of the slaves,
A million voices call across the wintry waves.

A dying continent looks hopefully to you,
Such moments in a nation's history are few.
Can you remain unmoved at this pathetic call?
Will you permit a world to perish and to fall?

The spirit of your forebears is not all destroyed,
Your sons are not yet all of gallantry devoid.
Undaunted, you will all the ugly barriers brave
And tottering Europe from eternal ruin save.

Intrepid you will march, unlock the Golden Gate,
And in this world of ours a new régime create,
Where dismal, ghastly and inhuman crime called "war,"
Henceforth to man unknown shall be for evermore!

A LETTER FROM EVELYN

Dedicated to Evelyn L.

From Evelyn fair a missive to me came,
It brought a solace to my suffering soul,
A ray of hope and bliss without a name,
A light that leads to my celestial goal.

I grasped it firm, I clasped and held it fast,
I pressed it closely to my throbbing heart;
Each thought the next in ecstacy surpassed
And made a tear from my hot eyes depart.

Each line I kissed, then read and kissed again,
A thousand times I pondered o'er each word,
I felt a joy no mortal could restrain,
Methought my own sweet Evelyn's voice I heard.

My cheeks turned crimson while my visage beamed
The radiance of an all-consuming fire,
The whole wide world a spot enchanted seemed,
The gods have answered my supreme desire.

THE REWARD OF VALOR

One scented summer night, beside
A calm sequestered spot,
A queenly creature I espied ;
I knew the maiden not.

Her radiant face, divinely fair,
It thrilled and throbbed my heart ;
It held me like a prisoner there
And dared me to depart.

“But how,” I said, “can that strange maid
My fervid plea accept,
When foolish men such acts upbraid
As graceless and inept?”

But still I moved not from that spot,
I stayed and stared that face ;
My head was warm, my eyes were hot
From that entralling place.

For each succeeding look she gave,
It pierced my ardent soul,
And made me for another crave
As flames do crave for coal.

Full many a maid 'ere then I met,
Much loveliness possessed,
But never had my vision yet
By such a scene been blest.

In fables I read full many a time
Of such a maid as this,
How in a distant fairy clime
She reigned supreme in bliss.

And how that isle became since then,
A place where angels meet,
Where none but choice, selected men
May find a sweet retreat.

And as her look upon me fell,
I saw that blissful land ;
I felt a thrill no power could quell,
No human force withstand.

And as my heart within me burned,
My yearning to beguile,
I spoke to her and she returned
A captivating smile.

A smile my eyes had never seen,
Of pure celestial grace;
The saddest soul it would serene,
The darkest cloud efface.

I said: "Fair maid, for this advance,
Your pardon I beseech,
But since you've thrown me in a trance"—
And here I failed of speech.

Then with a soul-bewitching voice
Resounded her reply:
"You're very kind, I so rejoice"—
And then I heaved a sigh.

There flowed a melody from her words
No music could create;
It made my heartstrings sing like birds,
With ecstacy vibrate.

The air was filled with poetry
From her enchanting voice,
And nature echoed rhymes of glee
That made the earth rejoice.

With stronger soul and firmer heart
 Yet fearful of the odds,
Belovèd maid," I said, "thou art
 A daughter of the gods!"

Her sapphire eyes then sent through me
 A dazzling look of fire;
"I'll heed," she said, "your soulful plea,
 Your valor I admire!"

Benumbed and speechless there I stood,
 With stirred and haunted soul,
No mortal could, nor venture would
 My ecstacy control.

I felt as if some magic power
 My spirit seized, possessed;
I felt the joy of a budding flower
 By sun and dew caressed.

Her answer held me like a spell,
 It pierced my bosom's core;
I felt my heart within me swell
 And unto Eden soar.

A SOLACE FROM THE EAST

Dedicated to Ruth W.

To thee, O noble herald of a golden age,
Whose sainted soul is striving for a righteous world,
Whose heart will struggle till true Freedom's flag's unfurled,
And evil to a bottomless abyss is hurled;
To thee, sweet maid, I come, thy yearning to assuage,
A better earth, a happier mankind to presage.

Turn east, turn east, thy radiant, soul-enchanting eyes,
Whence to a darkened world first came the rays of light,
The deep vermillion hue which stained that gruesome night
Has turned into a brilliant dawn; behold the sight,
See Freedom's sun with matchless pristine glory rise.
Turn east thy eyes, for there the hope of mankind lies.

And as your gentle and inspiring art instils
Pulsating life and thrilling beauty into naught,
And rivals with the works which nature's hands have wrought,
So, too, the east to a forsaken globe has brought
A new resplendent light—a magic light that thrills
All men—their bosom with celestial glory fills!

SERENADE

*Melody as of Schubert's Serenade
Second Version.*

In the glory and sereness of this night divine,
Stars and moon with splendor shine and add their plea to
mine;

Silence whispers sanguine accents, bids me not despair,
God and angels smile with joy as I my love declare.

Hear the tuneful wailing of the nightingale so sweet,
Cheerily she flaps her wings and moves her tender feet;
Hearken to her notes of yearning, to her sighs for me,
Heed her quickly, other lovers need her gentle plea.

Yield to my entreaties, fairest, I deserve your choice,
For my love will bring you rapture and your soul rejoice;
We will dwell in realms of bliss and happiness sublime,
We will conquer all before us, vanquish space and time.

Tarry not, O graceful maiden, come and bless my heart,
Bless me 'ere the golden beauties of this night depart!

GENERAL ALLENBY

Intrepid son of Albion the brave,

Thine was the mission, though of alien creed,
God's hallowed earth from heathen foes to save;

An exiled people back to its home to lead,
An outraged race from bondage to redeem
And render real its age-long sweetest dream.

Oppressed and trampled throughout their dreadful night,

Two thousand years they wandered o'er the earth,
Sustained by one fond hope, one radiant light

Of the glorious Day to which thou gavest birth.
Divine and gallant saviour! Hail to thee!
Thou art immortal in Israel's history!

Polluted by a foul, unholy hand,

For centuries the scene of bloody strife—
Freed from that yoke, now will the chosen land
Live as of yore, a noble, godly life,
A guiding star as in the days of old,
A fount of wisdom and of bliss untold!

THE DAY OF DAYS

On the crimson battlefield
Shines a ray of hope and light;
There where cannon was man's shield,
Now unfolds a glorious sight.

Those who yesterday were foes,
Thirsty for each other's blood,
Now unite to end their throes
And the all-consuming flood.

Men are rushing to and fro,
Burning, breaking guns and shells,
Greeting, kissing friend and foe,
Ringing loud, joyful bells.

Women, children, young and old,
Singing gleeful, happy lays,
March triumphantly and bold,
Bless and thank this Day of Days.

Mothers clasp their sons in love,
Daughters fall on fathers' neck;
All rejoice that God above
Saved them from eternal wreck.

And the nations' rulers meet,
Atoning for their crimes;
Humbly they each other greet
As they hear the peaceful chimes.

Warships, cannon, all is smoke,
Not a sword or shell is left.
Is not this a master stroke?
Mankind is of arms bereft!

THE CALL OF THE DAWN

Crucified martyr of ages, awake!
A scene is unfolding but few can believe.
Sleep not, the glorious Day will soon break;
Come forth from thy exile the gift to receive.

Gone is the night of dark thraldom, 'tis spent;
The Day of Redemption is dawning at last,
Israel's shackles asunder are rent,
Messiah is sounding the Liberty blast!

Yonder is Zion, thy ancestral soil,
Vast armies are marching thy home to regain;
Statesmen and rulers incessantly toil,
The land of thy fathers for thee to obtain.

Strangers are fighting this battle for thee,
In myriads dying to help thee to live
Yonder in Judah, unhampered and free—
Their life and their blood they are eager to give.

Wil't thou respond to this heavenly call?
And when the Day comes, will thy answer be "YES"?
Wil't thou not heed and let Israel fall?
Or wil't thou return and fair Zion possess?

Yonder where Light and where Truth were first born,
Resplendent the sun is beginning to shine;
Even the rays of this glorious morn
Are dancing with gladness, for Zion is thine.

'Twas not a myth, nor a meaningless dream—
The hope thou hast nurtured two thousand years;
'Twas not an empty, impossible scheme,
Not vainly have fallen thy countless tears.

God has thy people's salvation decreed—
Thy age-long and fervent desire is fulfilled.
When the Day comes, then, be ready, proceed,
The land of thy sires to revive and rebuild!

THE DOVE OF PEACE

Cease your bloody carnage, cease,
Kneel repentant, lift your head;
Hail the sacred Dove of Peace,
Soaring high above your head.

Call her, greet her, beg her stay,
For your wounds are sore and smart;
She will spread her balmy ray
O'er your aching, bleeding heart.

Promise her in solemn strain,
Never more to break her mirth,
Nor with monstrous crimes bestain
This, our wondrous, beauteous earth.

Ask her promptly to descend,
She will all your ills allay;
She will bring your strife to end;
Bless her, bid and beg her stay!

A VOICE FROM THE INFINITE

We, the dwellers of the heavens,
We the ancestors of mankind,
We that left your earthly station,
Called to rest and to repose
From the hardships and the labors
Of life's everlasting struggle,
We are restless and afflicted,
Weeping, mourning and lamenting;
For a silent voice has told us:
In your greed for ostentation,
Pompous, domineering lordship,
In your lust for gain and conquest,
Your vainglorious, jealous tactics,
Your insatiate ambition,
Ye have donned a garb immoral,
False and wicked and seducing—
Ye have donned the evil raiment
Of hypocrisy and falsehood;
Spread a rumor of invasion,
Striking terror in your subjects,
Then ye blinded them with hatred,
Filled their hearts with deadly venom,
Malice, scorn, spite and fury
For their brothers and their sisters;
And in frenzy ye have sent them,
Driven them sheep-like to the slaughter.

They obeyed their master's mandates,
Running, mad-like, to the bloodshed,
Slaying millions of our offspring,
Children innocent and orphans;
Crippling, starving helpless women,
Hanging, strangling guiltless graybeards,
Mutilating young and agèd;
Spoiling mankind's great achievements,
Burning cities, holy buildings.

And Almighty, wrathful, asked us:
"Why is all this carnage raging,
Why is all this warfare waging,
Why this struggle of your children
Yonder in the land ye dwelt in?
Why this butchery and bloodshed
Of the manhood of the nations,
Why this ruthless vivisection
Of the flower of the peoples,
Of the sinews of the races?
Why this wanton wreck and ruin
Of the works I have created?
Why this wilful desecration
Of my holy worship places,
This prolific desolation
Of the treasures of the ages,
This plethora of destruction
Of the products of your forebears?
Why this senseless resurrection

Of the wildest, savage instincts?
Why this martyrdom of mankind
On the altar of the warlords?
Why this shameless perpetration
Of the blackest, basest misdeeds?
Why this endless strife and conflict,
This crusade of persecution?
Why this heartless, ghastly murder,
This designed assassination?
Why this massacre of mankind?
Why this murderous transformation
Of a world of joy and beauty,
Bliss and splendor and abundance,
Into one gigantic graveyard,
One satanic mad-arena,
One enormous mortuary,
One colossal sick-asylum,
One unending chain of cripples,
One titanic mass of cinders,
Ruins, carcasses and shambles,
One stupendous House of Sorrow,
Mourning, anguish and perdition?
I have given you all you wished for.
Blessed you with a mighty reason,
Conscience, wisdom, understanding,
Knowledge, intellect and power,
Gave you fertile fields and plenty,
Lavished luxuries upon you,

Wealth and comforts and great fortunes,
All the rich and vast resources
Of a wise and bounteous nature,
Gave you even of my own
Godly spirit and compassion.
Shame upon you and your leaders,
Shame upon your pride and boasts,
For in spite of all your culture,
All your vaunted civilization,
All your arts and all your science,
You act lower than the lowest
In the scale of my creation!"
And, indignant, God proceeded:
"Now, ye ancestors of mankind,
Tell the warlords, give them warning,
God hath spoken; He is angered
By their brutal deeds of murder,
By their havoc and destruction,
By their outrageous plunder,
By their waste and spoliation,
By their rape and desolation,
By their violence and ravage,
By their wickedness and carnage.
If this savage slaughter cease not,
If forthwith this bloodshed end not,
I will pour my wrath upon them,
Send them fearful conflagrations,
All-consuming plagues and scourges.

I will turn their harvests barren,
What was once a fertile Europe,
Giving all a life-sustainer,
Now will be a sterile desert,
Filled with hungry, wandering millions,
What was once a brilliant Europe,
Dazzling with the light of progress,
Beaming with the great achievements
Of sublime and glorious ages,
Now will be an endless vista
Heaped with smoking, smouldering ruins;
I will drive them back to Babel,
Sentence them to life-long torture,
Plunge them into senseless chaos;
In confusion and disaster
They will flee they know not whither;
I will hate them and despise them,
Break my covenant forever
With the choice of my creation;
I will take away their birthright,
Human hearts and human souls,
They will lose their understanding,
Human memory and reason,
And in stupor they will wander,
Wander like the ancient savage;
Famished parents will in frenzy
Boil for food their little children,
Till themselves they fall the victims

To the wild beasts of the forests!"
And we trembled when we heard this
Threat of dreadful dispensation,
This appalling retribution
On our loved ones, our descendants,
When we saw this sombre shadow
Of a world in endless torture,
Af a ruined, perished mankind;
And since then our rest has vanished,
Vanished like a passing lightning
Prior to an evil tempest;
For we fear this dreadful menace,
Lest indeed it be accomplished,
Lest God's vengeance fall upon ye.
By this spectre ever haunted,
By this nightmare ever tortured,
We decided we should warn ye,
Tell ye, chide ye and exhort ye,
To desist from this black murder,
To abstain from this inhuman,
This horrific bloody conflict,
To refrain from shedding rivers,
Seas of blood of human beings,
To relinquish once forever
This barbaric hellish contest,
To unite, destroy your weapons,
Plunge your past into oblivion,
And resolve to live henceforward,

Not as men of hostile nations,
Fighting tribes and jealous races,
But as loving brothers, sisters,
Watched by one Almighty Father,
Always aiding one another,
Ever climbing higher, higher
In the ladder of humaneness,
Burning, breaking all the darkness,
All the ugly fiendish hatreds,
All the prejudice of ages,
Melt your guns, your shells and bullets,
Sink your warships, burn your castles,
Raising on their time-worn altars,
Two colossal edifices,
Resting on the lofty pillars
Of humanity and justice—
One wherein ye ghastly sinners
Enter, and with tears of pity,
Crave forgiveness of Almighty
(If forgiveness may be granted)
For your monstrous wrongs and vices,
For your foul and wicked actions,
Your ungrateful, shameful misdeeds;
Crave the pardon of the buried,
Of the wounded and the crippled,
Of the injured and the maimèd,
Of the legless and the armless,
Of the sightless and the helpless;

Cleanse your hearts, your hands and bodies
Of the blood that ye have shedded,
Grave forgiveness of the widows,
Of the widows and the orphans,
Of the fathers and the mothers,
For the lives that ye have taken
From their misdirected children;
One, wherein, with lowly spirit,
Humble heart, remorseful conscience,
Purged, ye enter and contritely
Join your hands and swear an oath,
Swear a solemn, godly oath,
Never more the sword to brandish,
Never more your skill to show,
By your military prowess,
Never more your guns to summon
To adjust your strife and discord,
But to live as loving brethren,
All pursuing the high purpose
Of this earthly fleeting journey—
The perfection of the soul,
Vieing all with one another
In the realms of worldly culture,
Worldly knowledge, learning, wisdom,
Worldly progress and advancement,
Ever coming nearer, nearer
To the goal of human efforts—
Love, fraternity and mercy;

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